THE

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XII. DECEMBER, 1868. No. 8.

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The Five Points House of Industry.

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PROGRAMME.

Daily Morning Prayer at 7 o'clock.

Daily Evening Prayer at 4½ o'clock, devoted to Bible Instruction.

Day-School, every Week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School, at 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service, every Sunday Afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Weekly Prayer-Meeting, on Tuesday Evening, at 7 o'clock.

COME AND HELP US!

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

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EDITED BY S. B. HALLIDAY, Superintendent.

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THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING, once local, is henceforth to be, we trust, a national holiday. We had often wished this might be, and during the war we wrote to President Lincoln, urging him, in view of the reasons there were at that particular period for thanksgiving, to proclaim one at an early period, so as to anticipate the State appointments, and make it uniform and general, hoping it might be regarded as a precedent. We do not know that our suggestion had the least influence, but in a very brief period the proclamation was made, appointing a general thanksgiving at the same time that it had usually occurred in New-England and New-York, and annually since we have had a universal thanksgiving. Let all Christian men so regard our national blessings as to excite an all-pervading gratitude. Too little we think and speak of our national mercies. Why should Christian men, why should any man, for any reason, fail to speak of God's goodness to themselves, and more, to the nation? Some men think that, because they are wicked, it would be unseemly in them to speak of it. What a mistake this is! Are not God's mercies magnified by the measure of the unworthiness of the subject on which they are bestowed; the more wicked a man is, the more grateful he should be that, in spite of his wickedness, God will be merciful and kind to him. How is the

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man praised who is generous and magnanimous toward one who has injured him, or who does not appreciate his favors. And should he continue to show favors in return for unkindness and ingratitude, it would be told and talked of in every nook and corner of the land. Let all men speak of national mercies and blessings; how beautiful it would be if there could be originated a public sentiment that would cause this subject to be reverted to as commonly and readily in the counting-room, on 'change, in the shop and the social circle, as ordinary topics. But it was not our purpose to moralize thus when we commenced this article. What a land we have, what institutions we have, and how little comparatively they are appreciated! How much more is said of the evils incident to our system than of the advantages and comforts flowing from it. So do many regard these difficulties, and so little know and appreciate our national advantages, you will hear them talking about a limited monarchy as the remedy for the abuses that spring up under our system. The good Lord so dispose us to consider our national benefits that this may be a true thanksgiving in all our borders. Two things only would we speak of particularly as very prominent reasons for thankfulness now. Never, perhaps, has there been a greater strain upon our government than during the past and immediately preceding years. The longer the war lasted, the stronger we seemed to become; while what appeared to be our weakness in the earlier stages of the war entirely disappeared, and we became more self-reliant and muscular day by day, our adversities continuing long enough to develop a better state of national manhood than had existed certainly for many years. The war over; our good President gone; the unfortunate controversy between the Executive and Congress, carried as it was to such extremes; the terribly excited political contest for the possession of the government during the next presidential term, fought with a determined desperation never before excelled if equaled, has been a tremendous trial to our old ship. How beautifully, under the good providence of God, has she ridden out the storm, without the starting of a plank or the loss of a spar! God be praised and devoutly thanked for such a result to our prayer-founded commonwealth, and let all the people say, Amen!

Again, this has been a year of wonderful physical prosperity. Our fields have yielded a most glorious increase, and the garners of the land are full. Never was there any thing like such a breadth of soil under the plow before, and almost never has there been such *universal* success. With unusually limited exceptions, crops everywhere have been most abundant, and secured without injury or loss. There is food enough, we think, to-day in the country, if discreetly husbanded, to supply the whole nation for two years. What a grateful people we ought to be, what a thanksgiving day we should keep, for the mercies of 1868!

THANKSGIVING SERVICES AT THIS INSTITUTION.

THE December RECORD will reach many before Thanksgiving day, and to such we would say, We shall be exceedingly glad to see you on that occasion, and to have you invite all your friends to come. It is always a most enjoyable time. Services in the chapel commence at eleven o'clock, and continue throughout the day except during dinner. The children will have their dinner at a quarter past one o'clock. The Italians and outdoor poor will have their dinner soon afterward. The chapel exercises will be participated in by various speakers, and prominently by the children. Come, and bring your friends.

LEGACIES.

WE do not know that we can influence any who may design making bequests to remember the Five Points House of Industry, or, if we could, we are not certain that it would be our duty to do so. We do not mean to urge or solicit special attention to its claims, we have no right to exalt our work above others, and we want to be quite willing not to enjoy advantages at the expense of any legitimate benevolence or charity. The only jealousy we consent to cherish is against spurious objects, and men whose end is personal gain. The object of this article is to state a few things that will enable inquirers, who are desirous to understand where to bestow property, to judge intelli-

gently whether this institution should be placed among the objects to be remembered. We do not speak thus coolly because we are not specially interested. Ten of the best years of our life have been given unqualifiedly to the promotion of its ends and interests; we have seen it spread until it covers a very much larger area than when we entered upon our duties here; and we must be very stoical did we not feel a kind of parental solicitude for its future; but our purpose is to present only a few unvarnished facts.

And first, as to its management. It is conducted on Christian principles, but wholly unsectarian in its character. Its managers are gentlemen who include all the different denominations, and are well and widely known among the whole community. Their characters and positions are a guarantee that the conduct of matters intrusted to them will be thoroughly scrutinized. The design of the Five Points House of Industry is to aid the poor, not in any one specified way, but in all perceived practicable ways. Not always to do precisely the same things, but accommodating its agencies to the exigencies of the poor. It has always kept its doors wide open for the education of the children of the poorest or most dissolute parentage. It has not sought the attendance at its schools of any save those who would not be in the public schools. And no child, however wretched its condition, has ever been shut out. To insure the attendance of this class, the institution has fed and clothed them, and since its first opening nearly twenty thousand children have been connected with its schools.

The institution has, from its organization, had a shelter for orphan or abandoned children, for the children of worthy widows, or of those whose mothers were dead, and whose fathers were unwilling to give them up, and yet unable to do more than to pay partial board for them. So, too, the House has been a receptacle for children that could not be controlled by parents or guardians, and many a wayward boy and girl has been reclaimed and saved through it. In addition to the classes already named, many thousand unemployed women have been temporary inmates until provided with employment, principally as domestics in the country. The average yearly number of inmates, including all classes, is at least twelve hun-

dred, so that in the sixteen years since Mr. Pease began the work at the Five Points, there have been nearly twenty thousand in the care of the institution. Thousands of children have been provided with good homes, hundreds by adoption.

Out-door sick and poor are visited and relief afforded, no matter where they may reside. In times of great depression, when many are out of employment, and hungry men and women are about, inexpensive but substantial meals are furnished. There have been periods when as many as twelve or fifteen hundred meals have been given per day to such. The daily average number of meals is about twelve hundred. The trustees have offered their agency to relieve the benevolent from the applications of the streets and at their doors, by referring all such applications to them for investigation and relief, and very many avail themselves of the offer.

The cost of supporting the entire work, including schools, food, clothing, aid to out-door poor, salaries, etc., is three thousand dollars per month. Were the means furnished, the trustees could with their present ground add accommodations to lodge the respectable and worthy, who from various causes need a single night's shelter, there being now no decent arrangement for such in this great city.

We will not urge our claims, or even our wants, imperative as they may be; but if any can regard us as worthy, they may be assured their benefactions will greatly cheer and encourage us. We are writing very much more for others than for ourselves. We can not expect to be active very much longer in this field; already we must seek partial relief from the long years of toil that have been so privileged to; us and not far hence others must entirely supersede us; and for them we should hope and pray for more abundant support even than we have enjoyed. If permitted to know, when passed to other spheres, what is passing here, we should be glad were it never necessary to overdraw the bank account of the Five Points House of Industry.

ITEMS.

COURTEOUS.

Our three children, who are attending one of the city grammar-schools, returning from school in the rain, met one of our scholars, a very gentlemanly colored boy, who, on seeing they were without an umbrella, very politely insisted upon their taking his, while he walked home in the rain. This boy was brought to us, before the close of the war, by Chaplain Proudfit, from near Richmond, Va., and after being in our school for a time, was placed in a family with whom he has remained until now; and he is again in our school, living still with the same family.

HONEST.

A little boy passed us yesterday, crying out, "Full account of the 'lection!" Perceiving it to be a little fellow formerly one of our scholars, we hailed him, and took one of his papers, but he could not make change. We said, "Never mind, you can give it some other time." We had passed nearly two blocks, when he came running to us with the change.

FLOWERS AND THE POOR.

"Ah! ah! mister, please give me a flower?" are exclamations that greet us as often as we pass with bunches from our own little flower-garden to the House of Industry; and if we were not carrying them to other poor children, our bouquets would be very ragged before we reached our destination. A few weeks since, we had a single crimson rose, just opened, which we had placed in the centre of the handful of flowers that we were carrying to the little ones in our hospital. On the boat was a young mother with a little child, some eighteen months old, reduced to a mere skeleton, and apparently in the mere languor of death. Not a sound or sign was noticeable from the dying child, and the mother, though tender and anxious, did not seem to know how to hold her babe so as to make it comfortable, its head hanging over her arm, looking as if its poor little neck would break off. We were half inclined to take it in our own arms, but, instead, spoke gently to her, when she

somewhat changed its position so that the child was at ease; and, as it looked up with its large lustrous eyes, we took our single crimson rose, and offering it, its skinny hand reached up and took it, with a most sweet expression of gratitude and satisfaction resting on her face. This poor mother had evidently come out with her dying baby from some near-by tenement-house, hoping the fresh, pure air on the river would benefit it; but we should not wonder if it went on its journey to the "ever green shore" with our crimson rose in its fingers.

SOLICITUDE OF A CHRISTIAN CHILD.

Some six or seven years ago, a family of children connected with our School lost their mother, and soon their father sold out his little shop in Baxter street, and abandoned his children, leaving the city in company with a miserable woman. He has never made his appearance to inquire about his children. The eldest became a member of the Dutch Reformed Church in the town where she went to live; and yesterday we received a letter from her in which she says, "Won't you please to find my father? I want to write to him. I know he wronged me, but I forgive him. I know he is living a wicked life; if I could lead him away from it, I would feel so happy. I would not live with him again, but I want to write to him; we don't know what time we may be taken away. He is the only parent I have left, and though he has wronged me, I freely forgive him."

RUNAWAYS.

In all parts of the land children there are who, for one or another reason, will run away; and nearly all the lost children are self-abducted. A week ago last Saturday night, between eight and nine o'clock, three little girls, about eight, ten, and twelve years of age, came to the House, two of them saying that their mother was dead and they had no place to stay; that their father drove one of the First avenue cars part of the time. The other little girl told us she was the cousin of the other two, that her father and mother were dead, and the aunt with whom she had lived had gone to California, and she had nowhere to go. We felt certain that their story was made up for the occasion;

but we failed for several days to elicit any thing of the truth about their real history. Finally, we learned that the mother of the two sisters was on the Island for drunkenness, and the father a respectable, hard-working blacksmith. We also ascertained that both parents of the other little girl were living in Twenty-sixth street. We dispatched a messenger to their parents; the mother of the cousin came and took away her child, and appeared grateful for what we had done for the little girl, and told us that she had been led away once before, and that the oldest of the other two was the cause of all the trouble.

The blacksmith came for his little girls, but desired us to keep them, saying he would pay their board. The morning of the next day but one after the father called, they arose and went barefooted into the yard, and climbed a wall and fence ten or twelve feet high, and escaped. The girl, twelve years old, is a corrupt, ruined child.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Our main building is a most unpretentious, plain brick structure, six stories in height, with nothing ornamental about it; the floors are laid on brick arches with iron beams, and the stairways are constructed wholly of brick and stone, so as to be as nearly fire-proof as possible. The school building, immediately adjoining, is a plain two-story brick building.

The First Story.

GENERAL DINING-ROOM.

The dining-room, when quite filled, will accommodate about four hundred children. It is situated on the first floor, and the kitchen is immediately adjoining, which is a great convenience where so much food is supplied three times daily. The average number of meals furnished annually is about four hundred thousand, sometimes exceeding that number. Hardly a prettier or more comforting sight is afforded by this great city than the feeding of these hundreds of hungry children, more orderly and quiet than most private families containing children. A friend,

happening in at the hour of evening meal, said, "Why, my three children make more noise at the table than your three hundred."

Beside the children, several thousand meals are given yearly to poor men and women, and our dining-room is the only place always accessible to the hungry poor; and we know of no other institution in this or any other country that stands ready to adapt itself to all classes of the unfortunate poor.

The kitchen, where the general cooking is done, adjoins the dining-room, which is a very important matter where such large quantities of food have to be prepared.

PLAY-GROUND.

The ground-floor of our school-house and chapel is used as a play-ground, and is about 100 by 50 feet, affording ample space for our children for exercise and play. On festive occasions, as Thanksgiving and Christmas, this room is so spacious as to enable us to dine five or six hundred children at once, and accommodate nearly a thousand spectators.

Second Floor.

SCHOOL-ROOM AND CHAPEL.

Our main school-rooms are used as a chapel, being divided in the centre by folding-doors, so that on the Sabbath both rooms are thrown together, accommodating all of our children, with room for an audience of several hundred. Besides these large rooms, there are three smaller, which are used for class purposes. Our schools have many visitors from all parts of our own, with some from other countries. The best time to visit them is about half-past twelve o'clock, as the classes are together for general exercises at that hour.

OUR SCHOOLS.

In all schools, the first thing to be attained is order. So important do we deem this, that we would never do or allow the second thing to be done until this was secured. We have what we believe is really good order in ours; and so under control

are our children that, when together, several hundred in all, even the smallest seldom annoy us in the least by inattention or disorder of any kind. This high state of discipline is kept up with but little punishment of any kind. We are seldom called upon to interpose in the discipline of the schools. Now and then a child, unfortunately constructed or early unrestrained, indulges in disrespectful conduct toward the teacher. In cases at all flagrant, there is quite generally an impressive application of the rod. We can not tolerate a disregard of right authority.

Having attained right discipline, the next thing is thoroughness in studies. In ours, of all lands, and among the children of the poor especially, should there be no shams, nothing superficial, in connection with education. Under our institutions every child inherits the right to an education in the common branches. The commonwealth is a debtor to every child born within its limits, and its obligations are not discharged until every child can spell, read, and write well, and have a good degree of familiarity with figures. Our trustees have desired all this for our children, and for years it has been our aim to accomplish all this for them. The indolent and inattentive have had applied to them such incentives as have seemed best adapted to their peculiarities, while we have tried to inspire the ambition of those that were inapt or dull. The success attained in our schools is such as to afford the highest satisfaction. The readiness of our children in figures, reading, and spelling, in the geography of our own country, their writing, and the exceeding neatness of their copy-books, are matters of remark and wonder to those who have witnessed them. Many have remarked that they never have seen a school of the same grade so proficient.

OFFICES.

In our two offices all the business of the House is transacted, and all here apply for admission to the House, as all applicants for out-door aid call here.

PARLOR.

The general parlor is a very pleasant room, quite commodious, and on the same floor with the offices, a door leading from one to the other.

The private dining-room and kitchen are on the same floor with the parlor and offices.

SHOE-SHOP.

Our friends in the country as well as those of the city donate to us second-hand shoes. Hardly a package of clothing comes that does not contain shoes. These are repaired in our shoe-shop, and some are entirely manufactured there. And thus are provided yearly nearly all of the fifteen hundred pair needed to supply our children.

BATH-ROOM.

All the boys who are inmates of the House wash at least three times each day, and all the outside children as often as they have soiled faces and hands. Every Saturday all the children have a thorough bath. The arrangements for washing are such that each child has a stream of water to itself; thus all contact is avoided. The lessons of cleanliness and order which our children receive while under our care are worth to the community many times the entire cost of supporting our schools.

Immediately adjoining the shoe-shop and bath-rooms are the doctor's office and boys' wardrobe.

Third Floor.

This floor contains a small private parlor, with dormitories for superintendent's family and teachers. The sewing-room is also on this floor, in which all the repairs of clothing are attended to, and many new garments are made. When women in the House, waiting for situations, are not engaged about housework, they are employed in the sewing-room, under the direction of a person who has the management of that department.

Fourth Floor.

NURSERY.

This department is for such children as are too young to be thrown in among the older and rougher ones. There is properly room for not more than thirty, but there are generally

forty. Such is the pressure upon us, there is constantly the greatest difficulty not to overcrowd our House. Sometimes our trustees (on account of the danger arising from crowding) caution us in that direction; but when a poor creature comes and says, "For Christ's sake don't turn me away; I have no place to put my child: don't turn it on the street"—we have schooled ourselves pretty well for such occasions, yet *sometimes* we hesitate and think, and when we do, no matter how full we are, we usually yield. The nursery is always an attractive part of our establishment to those who visit us.

Adjoining the nursery is the dormitory for small boys, with about thirty beds.

Fifth Floor.

This floor is occupied by the dormitories of the women and the girls, and also the laundry, where the washing for three hundred persons is done weekly.

Sixth Floor.

THE HOSPITAL.

The hospital is more especially for the sick children of our own household and school, though other children really *needing* its advantages are not excluded. We have a resident and consulting physician. Dr. Joslyn has for many years given his most valuable services gratuitously to our House, and to him much may be justly attributed for the general good health and the very low mortality. Though having two hundred children in our family, and accommodated within too limited space, not a death, or scarcely a case of severe illness, has occurred within six months, covering one of the most trying seasons we have for children. The mortality among them this summer was dreadful. In an institution in another city, with but little more than half our number, there were six deaths in the month of August. All children unfitted to be in school are sent to the hospital. There are seldom less than fifteen or twenty patients, but very generally from only very slight causes. In cases of skin or scalp troubles, they are at once transferred to the hospital, that there may be no communication of the difficulty to other parties. With the exception of a comparatively few cases, the stay of

patients in our hospital is very brief; the exceptions are cases of scrofulous tendencies, or those so diseased when admitted to the institution as often to seem hopeless. The very small number of deaths from year to year, and the very limited period that patients are kept in the hospital, is the best possible testimonial of the system in use and the skill with which it is administered. Every thing about this room for the sick is of the simplest and most inexpensive description. We rely on good medical treatment, good nursing, *cleanliness, and abundance of fresh air.* At this moment we have sent a little girl from Oak street up to our hospital. She is a pretty child, but extremely dirty; has all the symptoms of fever. It is wonderful to see how soon severe cases of fever from outside yield to the appliances and air of our sick-room.

From our sick children fine lessons of patience and resignation are constantly given forth. We hardly remember to have seen any manifestations of impatience, so rarely do they occur, while the endurance and fortitude exhibited are seldom shown by those of adult life.

BOYS' DORMITORY.

On the same floor with the hospital is the principal dormitory for the boys, containing beds enough for all the larger ones.

FORMER PROTEGES.

THERE is rarely a week passes without bringing to us intelligence from some of our children of a very pleasant character. The past month has been more than usually fruitful of encouraging facts. One who left us five years since came with this pleasant note from his employer:

"N—— C——, Oct. 1868.

"MR. HALLIDAY: The bearer, Augustus S——, is a boy that I took from your Institution. His time is now up, as my impression when I received him was, that I took him until he was sixteen.

"He has been and now is a boy of good morals, and I have been well pleased with him, and have, I think, done my duty toward him. There is one thing to his credit that few boys can boast—I never knew him to tell a lie.

"He is coming back, and in the spring a dentist that boards with me is going to learn him his business. I may be obliged to apply to you for another boy: all I ask is as good a one.

"In haste, I remain yours,

"JAMES P——."

We were so much interested in the appearance of this boy, we had his photograph taken.

The same week, another young man, now twenty-one years of age, came to us from the vicinity of Albion, Michigan. He left the House eleven years since in company with a number of boys, and has continued with the farmer with whom he was first placed during this whole period; says he has been well treated, and his appearance indicates that his employer has rightly regarded the boy's claims to education and personal comforts. This young man informs us that two boys, brothers, who went with him, were placed with a farmer near him, and are now grown up. Their employer died not long since, and, having no children, he gave these two boys an estate worth ten thousand dollars, which the oldest is taking care of, while his brother is in a seminary, pursuing his studies. From a child thirteen years old, who was in the Institution for a year, and who was sent with a family in the country with whom we were acquainted, we have a most excellent account. She is truthful, honest, and is so bent upon work, that she cries to do the cooking and general work and is anxious that no other servant should be employed. This poor child was taken from the most wretched surroundings conceivable, yet in time we hope to see her grow up to be a really useful woman.

The following letter is from another one of our boys, who, we trust, will reward us for all that has been done for him:

"SHEFFIELD, October 23, 1868.

"TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS AT THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY:

"DEAR CHILDREN: I suppose you would like to hear a word from the country, so I will try and say a few about it.

"About a week ago the trees were in a beautiful dress of 'purple' and 'gold,' and it looked splendid; to-day I look at them and they are all bare—not a leaf remains. They have all fallen off, telling of the approach of winter.

"This morning as I looked out the window, what do you suppose it was doing? It was snowing; and the ground was nicely covered with a white

sheet. Then the mountain away to the east looked like a 'big hill of pop-corn.' And writing of pop-corn, reminds me of a story of the way a little girl defined snow.

"It was a rainy day, and little Emma could not go out; so her mother, to amuse her, gave her some corn to pop. But still she wasn't satisfied, for she would rather have been out 'to play.'

"The next day it was snowing; so Emma went to the window, and when she saw the big white flakes coming down, she did not know what to make of it. Suddenly she seemed to get an idea of it, and away she ran to her mother, and said: 'O mother, mother! come and see; the rain has all popped out white.'

"And so it was up here; yesterday it was raining, to-day it has 'all popped out white.'

"From your friend and playmate,

"PETER T——."

A VISIT TO PITTSFIELD.

WE went a few weeks since, by invitation of some friends, out to the beautiful town of Pittsfield, Mass. Many of our readers have probably been in the western part of the noble Bay State, and know something of the grand old Berkshire hills. The cool and windy weather of a few days previous had nearly stripped the trees of their summer dress, and the snow-storm that followed us from Albany out had capped some of the highest hills with a mantle of white; yet even under so unfavorable circumstances the scene was to us one of beauty and delight. We were reared where for miles the eye rests on only a flat, low country, and our residence at the Points never entitles us to see in that vicinity any thing higher than the pile of brick and sand which just now graces Paradise Square—the *débris* of a building torn down—so we fairly enjoyed the sight of those Berkshire hills, bare though most of them were of foliage. We could well understand and appreciate the remark of a friend, "It is splendid here in the summer." That we had friends of the House of Industry there we were satisfied; for annually one of the Sabbath-schools there appropriates from their mission fund a very generous donation for our little ones; and another has occasionally remembered us in the distribution of their charity collections; so we concluded, if they desired it, to give an account of our stewardship of the money sent us. By invitation

of the Superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Methodist church, we talked some fifteen minutes to that school at noon on the Sunday; and by an arrangement which was perfected by some of our kind friends, for which we are indebted to them, we were enabled to speak for nearly an hour about our work and the House to the Sunday-schools of both the Congregational churches in the lecture-room of the South Church, Rev. Dr. Strong's. The room was well filled with an attentive audience, and we were able to speak quite particularly of the House in its different departments. We spoke of the necessity of the work among the children, and the reward in working. We referred to the dividend which the investment pays, and gave facts in regard to the history of some of our former children who have since grown to manhood and womanhood—telling the case of one of our boys who left the House when eleven years old to go to live with a gentleman in Connecticut till he was sixteen, and who, a few days since, came to the House on his way to see his mother, his time of service having expired, bringing with him a letter of commendation, in which his employer said that he had never known him to tell a lie. We stated that we had not come to beg, and that we did not ask for a cent, but merely desired to tell our friends what we had done with the money sent us. Rev. Dr. Todd, pastor of the First Congregational church, whose name is a household word in the New-England churches, and whose reputation as an interesting and instructive writer is so well established throughout the country, followed with a few remarks in regard to the work among the poor in New-Haven as he had witnessed it during a recent visit, and recommending our House to the confidence of the audience. After we had made a statement in regard to some of our RECORDS which we had brought for distribution, Dr. Todd said to the audience that what we had said in regard to not having come to beg for any thing reminded him of the story of a little boy who was sitting at the table at the side of his father with an empty plate before him. The father, noticing that his son had disposed of the food that had been given him, asked the little fellow if he desired more. "Well," said he, "I want some bread and butter, but I am not going to ask for any." The Doctor assured us that the good people of Pittsfield would remember

us and send us bread and butter ere long. We are grateful to our friends there for the interest they manifested and for the donations which we received for the House. B.

LETTER FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT TO THE CHILDREN.

In the October Record we published part of a letter, a running account of some of the things we saw and thought of on a journey from the city to the vicinity of Rochester. We made minutes on the borders of newspapers, and numbered and named them texts. The letter is so long we shall have to divide the balance of it between the December and January numbers of the Record. We could not make room for any portion of it in the November Record.

Dear Children: I shall make my letter so long I must skip many of my texts, and will here pass 7 and 8.

Text 9. "A beautiful scene."—This text must not be skipped. Oh! how I wish you could be looking with me out of the window upon it. The valley through which the Mohawk river runs is celebrated for its great fertility. Almost every spring, when the warm rains begin to fall, melting the snow in the mountains, thousands of streams form from the rain and the melting snow, and, running down the mountains' sides, empty themselves into the Mohawk, which is not deep at all in the summer; but by all these added streams it fills up, overflows its banks, and the water spreads all over these beautiful fields, upon which I am now looking from the car-windows. These streams, running down the mountains, carry with them the decayed grass, leaves, and branches that lie on the surface over which they pass; and as the waters cover these meadows, the sediment which they hold settles upon the land. You take a cup of dirty water and let it stand for a time, and the dirt will settle at the bottom, leaving the water clear; or if you pour the water on a piece of cloth, the water will run through, leaving the dirt behind on the cloth. When these waters cover the fields, they either pass off with the river, or (as most of them do) run into the ground and leave the dirt behind them. This dirt is very rich, and makes this valley so fertile that it raises the finest crops of grass, grain, and vegetables. But the scene to which I

allude in my text is one of surpassing beauty. Here are cattle, sheep, and horses quietly browsing or else lying down in green pasture-fields, and on either side of the winding stream are most luxuriant grass fields new mown, Indian corn, potatoes, broom-corn, and in all directions there are fine large fields of buck-wheat, now in full blossom, looking like a beautiful white carpet, and presenting a lovely contrast to the rich green around on every side. On beyond, on rising ground, are the shaded, peaceful farm-houses; back and around them, the barns and out-buildings; and rising back of these, are the mountains covered with forests, or cultivated fields. This scene reminds me of the hymn you know I love to have you sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours."

The privilege is given to us to become the inhabitants of the country which far exceeds all the beauties and glories of the lovely scene I have so poorly described. The gates of that blessed land stand open day and night, and Jesus, standing there, cries, "Ho! every one that thirsteth," and "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest: I will lead you into green pastures and beside still waters." O children, while the doors are open, enter in.

Text 11. "Cross passenger." *Text* 23. "Cross man in my seat fretting at some one who misplaced his hat."—There is a very nice car called the "drawing-room car," and a good many prefer this, because in some respects it is more comfortable than the others. Each passenger has a particular seat assigned him in this car, and of course he is entitled to this seat until he reaches the end of his journey. My seat was close by a window, and it was very pleasant all the way. Just in front of me a man had a seat given him, and after a little time he dropped asleep. By and by the conductor came around to collect the tickets; and when he came to this man, he shook him

gently until he waked, when he asked him for his ticket; he was very angry at the conductor for waking him, and spoke to him in a very cross, ugly manner, as if the conductor had done something very wrong in disturbing him, when the conductor only did his duty. I left *my* seat for a little time and was looking out of the window from the opposite side of the car; when I turned round, I saw the cross man had left his seat and was occupying mine. As he left his seat, he laid his hat upon it. At the next station a gentleman entered the car with his family, and there were only sufficient seats in the apartment given him for his family, and he was directed to the room where we were. He went to the cross man's seat, and just put his hat (cross man's hat) a little one side, so that he might sit down; when the cross man spit out in an ugly tone, "That's my seat;" the gentleman arose, and said very pleasantly, "I do not wish to trespass upon any body's rights," and left, when the cross man said, in the same cross tone, "Put my hat back where you found it," which the gentleman attempted to do, but did not put it *exactly* in the middle of the seat, when there was another short, sharp demand to put the hat exactly as he found it. All this time I was standing, and he sitting as composedly in my seat as if he were in his own, and treating this gentleman as if he had been guilty of some crime. What an unhappy man he must be, and how uncomfortable and unhappy he makes every one about him. I was quite disgusted, if I was not angry with him, and I am sure the passengers were ashamed of his conduct. Be careful, children, never to be cross or ugly; that is not the way to be happy, that is not the way to be useful, it is not the way to make others happy. *It is the way* to make yourself and others uncomfortable. It is the way to make others dislike and despise you. If you would be useful and successful, be polite, be pleasant, even to mean, ugly people; it is better to have the good rather than the ill-will of an ugly man. There are some snarling, snapping, growling dogs, and I think they are very mean dogs; but if I had to go where they were, I would not poke them with sticks, or throw stones at them; I would carry meat to them, until I would make them wag their tails in friendship, instead of snapping at me.

Texts Nos. 12 and 13. "Cross boarders. Always be polite."

—I have known some boarders to be very cross and impolite to servants. I have seen persons at hotel-tables and steamboat-tables speak to servants in a very unpleasant way. This is the right way to wake up all the bad there is in us, and tempt us to answer in the same way. If any one says pleasantly, "*Please* do this, or give me that," don't you feel just as if you wanted to wait on such people? I was sitting in the library of a rich gentleman, and at the ring of the bell his man-servant entered, when the gentleman said, in a very pleasant tone, "James, won't you please to bring some coal?" This was a rich man speaking to his servant. I never allowed my children to be *impolite* to a servant, much less impudent or cross. I always ask servants at public tables to *please* bring me what I want, and thank them when they bring it, and I am quickly and pleasantly attended to. I do not remember ever to have had a servant speak disrespectfully to me. No matter what one's employment or position, if they behave themselves, if their conduct is what it should be, they are as worthy of and as much entitled to respect as the President. I write so particularly to you, children, because you are poor, and because I think the poor are much more at fault about these things than the rich are. You go to a table filled with poor people, where they have others to wait on them, and you will very often hear cross words and hard names called. You know I am poor, children, and have to earn the bread I eat; for years I have worked many more hours daily than mechanics and laborers do; but the rich have always treated me respectfully and pleasantly. I have sometimes thought some treated me more considerately because I was poor.

LOOK OUT FOR THE TRAP!

BY KRUNA.

SIDE by side on the mossy forest log, what a happy brace of squirrels were Brownie and Grayback! To be sure, they had no names but Squirrel in their woods home; but they did not always live there, as I shall tell you. One day they espied on their favorite log something nicer than acorns, more juicy than beechnuts or walnuts.

Oh! what a feast the fresh, cool turnips proved! They never stooped to

wonder about the new food; but, carefully smelling it, and then tasting—rather doubtfully at first—they soon made away with the delicious meal. At a safe distance gleamed out a pair of sparkling eyes from behind the thick hazel bushes. Day after day the squirrels found their nice food on the oak log, and day after day the pair of bright brown eyes peeped at them while they ate. They had no suspicion of this, or you may be sure they would have gone to their basement-kitchen and dined on nuts without fear or favor. One day they found no food on the log. They smelt along, and peered up and down, and chattered briskly to each other. How the bright eyes sparkled then behind the hazel bushes! Smelling along, at length they came to a curious

little house, with a large, open door, just at the end of the log. Ah! yes; just inside was the nice fresh dinner, white in its tuft of green.

"What a nice house!" said Grayback.

"I do not quite understand it," said Brownie; "but this is the kind of food we had on the log."

Slowly he stepped in at the open door, turning his head this way and that, and actually looking right through the hazel bush into the brown eyes; but he saw nothing, and Grayback slowly followed into the curious house. They were soon busy over their nice meal, when—the repast half over—crash! and the door came together fast and tight—too tight for the poor, frightened squirrels. They scratched and pawed, and nibbled and gnawed; but they were no longer their own masters. Charlie Wood, who owned the bright brown eyes, owned, also, the brown and gray squirrels. He bore them off in

triumph. Charlie proved a kind master; but it was a long time before Grayback and Brownie could be contented with prison walls instead of the wide forest range—even if they did eat all sorts of nice food, and drink cold water from apple-cups, made by Charlie for their especial benefit.

Children, avoid temptation! Always be sure there *is no trap beyond*!

Only a day or two ago—this very last Fourth of July—I know of a little boy who was tempted to take a drink of wine. He took it, and wanted more. Would you believe that the brown eyes watching him with pleasure were *his mother's?* Yes, dearly as she loved him, she was laying a snare for her only boy, which may cause him, at last, to be a more wretched prisoner than Brownie and Grayback.—*Temperance Banner.*

LITA'S LESSON.

LITA'S mamma is trying to teach her how to be polite, and sometimes the little lady quite rebels. One morning, not long ago, Lita came down late to breakfast, and, finding the family already seated, hurried unceremoniously to her high-chair.

"Lita has forgotten to say 'Good morning,'" said mamma.

The red lips pouted.

"Eta don't want to say 'dood mornin'."

"Then Lita must not have any breakfast," said mamma decidedly.

I expected a scene. Not many four-year-old children could have kept from crying on such an occasion, but Lita straightway turned her back upon us and went up-stairs.

"When Lita is a good girl, and will say good morning, she can have some breakfast," said mamma, a half-hour later.

"Eta don't wants any breakfast," said the child sturdily.

"Here's an apple, pet," said brother Fred, taking pity on his hungry playmate.

"Eta don't ike apples!" was the disdainful answer, which just at that time was no doubt literally true.

For three long hours she held her ground, then a soft little voice broke in upon our morning chat:

"Dood mornin', mamma! dood mornin', auntie!" The battle was ended, and the child's face was clear as sunshine.

We gave her two kisses and two hugs, and then she had breakfast.

"Auntie," she said confidentially, as she curled down beside me on the sofa that afternoon, "did 'ou know Eta was vewee, vewee naughty once?"

Looking at the demure little puss, it was rather hard to believe, but after the scene at the breakfast-table, I thought it quite possible.

"We was all to dinner, and I wants to det down, and mamma says, 'Eta, say peas excoose me;' and I didn't want to say 'peas excoose me,' so I has to stay, and stay, and Bessie tums and eats her dinner, and tates away all de dishes, and de puddin', and everythin', and I wouldn't say 'peas excoose me,' and I has to sit dere all a'one in my high shair; and by and by mamma tums, and I say, *just as pleasant,* 'mamma, peas excoos Eta;' and den mamma 'ets me det down. And now, auntie, eve'y day I say 'peas excoose Eta,' *just as pleasant.*"

"You're a little witch!" I said, with a hug that sadly rumpled the witch's white apron; and I wondered whether all my life's lessons would be learned "just as pleasant."—*Little Corporal.*

THE SNOW.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye!
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around:
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead:
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh.
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree!
His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear,
"Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my weak prayer?
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!"

The Congregationalist.

Contributions in Money, from October 13th to November 3d, 1868, inclusive.

Mr. Hubbard, Providence	$0 50	Friends	$1 20
Friend	5 00	First Congregational Sunday-school, Waterbury, Ct.	50 44
Anon.	100 00	Mr. Pruden, Hoboken	50 00
Mr. Hasbrouck	50	B. Mason, Yonkers	10 00
D. D. Anderson	5 00	D. L. Suydam	200 00
Mr. Bartland	1 00	"Never Mind"	30 00
Friend	50	W.	5 00
Presbyterian Sunday-school, Knowlesville, N. Y.	10 00	W. B. Taylor	2 00
H. L. Wilson	3 00	Well-Wisher	1 50
Mrs. Wadham, Goshen	1 00	Mrs. J. Ruderow, Bergen	25 00
Dr. J. C. Gallup, Clinton	2 00	Friend	1 00
S. E. S. Burtis	5 00	Sunday Collections	63 22
M. Pond	1 00		
Mrs. A. Carey, Pittsfield, Mass	10 00	Total	$583 86

Received for Record from October 13th to November 3d, 1868, inclusive.

D. B. Abell	$1 00	W.	$1 00
Grace Combs	1 00	M. C. Booth	1 00
W. Tamrath	1 00	Orange Booth	1 00
J. S. Noyse	1 00		
Mrs. H. N. Howard, Skowhegan, Me.	2 00	Total	$10 00
H. G. Ripley, Norwich, Ct.	1 00		

Donations of Clothing, etc., from October 13th to November 1st, 1868, inclusive.

Oct. 13, 2 packages of clothing, Geo. Richmond.
" 1 package clothing, Friend.
20, 1 bundle clothing, by express, containing sixty-seven new garments, from H. B., through the Employment Society.
" 1 bundle clothing, John Panett.
22, 1 box clothing, Friends, through Miss C. M. Bingham, Baldwinsville.
" 1 parcel clothing, A Friend.
" 1 box and 1 package clothing, Mr. Pliny Smith.
" 1 package clothing and some maps, J. H. Tyng.
" 1 package clothing, A. H. Ritchie, Brooklyn.
" 1 package clothing, C. H. Hoffman.
23, 1 package clothing, Mr. Howeis.
" 1 package clothing, Mr. Weston.
" 1 basket clothing, Mr. Hotchkiss, Elizabeth, N. J.
26, 1 parcel clothing, Mrs. Maine.
27, 1 parcel clothing, A Friend.
" 1 parcel clothing, A Lady.
" 4 barrels potatoes, E. F. Richardson, Thompson, L. I.
Oct. 27, 1 basket clothing, per Friend, N. J.
" 1 box clothing, Anna M. Tripp, Orange, N. J.
28, 1 bundle clothing, Mrs. Herbert.
" 1 bundle clothing, Mrs. Vandeburgh.
" 1 bundle clothing, Mrs. W. B. Taylor.
31, 1 parcel shoes, Dr. Bryant.
" 1 parcel garments, Mrs. McAlpine.
" 1 parcel and hat-box of clothing, Mrs. H. Eagle.
" 1 parcel clothing, Miss Irving.
" 1 parcel clothing, A Friend.
" 1 parcel clothing, C. L. McElroy, Sufferns, N. Y.
" 1 shawl, etc., A Friend.
" 1 package clothing, Mr. Pignolet.
" 2 packages clothing, W. Clarkson, Jr.
" 1 bundle clothing, 1 package maps, and 1 stove, Mrs. J. Ruderow, Bergen.
" 1 box, E. E. Poor, Hackensack.
Nov. 1, 1 package clothing, Mrs. Jane Roney, Jersey City.
" 1 package clothing, Miss C. Wheelright.

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A CARD.

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